AN ERROR OF LONG AGO TRAT HAS NOT BEEN SET RIGHT YET.

Struggle of the Wife and Son of Pierre Vaux to Vindiente Mis Memory-Ho Was Convicted Forty-two Years Ago and Died in Prison-The Courts Considering His Case. PARIS, Dec. 11.-A good many people, know what attitude the French Government would take in the case of Capt. Dreyfus should the crime with which he is charged. Most perhis liberation would be instant; but, to a man sequainted with the French judicial system, at least, that conclusion might seem a little hasty. French law, in the eyes of the Government that maintains it, is ballowed by the principle that is said to have been laid down in the case of Mrs. Cosar, and its pronouncement, more-

that much-talked-of officer be found innocent of sons, doubtless, would venture the opinion that over, is a matter of such deliberation that it takes a power equal to moving heaven and earth to set saide a decree once made. A judicial backdown, such as is consequent upon the acknowledgment of error, is considered in France not only undignified, but positively bad form. The Court of Cassation usually goes through some long-drawn-out evolutions in red tape for the purpose of evading it, and it is often successful. The English Court of Chan-cery has long enjoyed an honorable reputation as the most conspicuous example of the embodiment of prograstination extant, but that is only because the Court of Cassation is not so well known. There can be no question as to which merits the palm.

Notwithstanding the infallibility arrogated by the French judiciary, judicial errors are far ommon, and a half dozen of the past few months, the victims of which are not yet rehabilitated, might be cited as instances of a very disturbing state of affairs. Even more salient is a case which is about to come up for final, if tardy, settlement before the Court of Cassation-a case which, if Capt. Dreyfus were in a position to hear of it, would doubtless make him squirm, foreshadowing, as it does, a progress of affairs improvement upon which is an appeal to the court to clear the memory of an innocent man who was sent for life to the penal colony of French Guiana just forty-five years ago, and died in captivity in 1879. Three years after the sentence, or in 1855, the man's innocence was proved, and the court was asked to set aside the sentence. The court received the papers in the case, and has been gravely considering them ever since. It is considered certain that now, after weighing the question with unburried impartiality, week in and week out for a matter of forty years, the terpreters to declare judicially the innocence

This case too, notwithstanding the seeming asantry in the statement, has been expedited. pleasantry in the statement, has been expedited. The unfortunate convict was Pierre Vaux, the father of the Pierre Vaux who has for some years been sitting in the Chamber of Deputies. The son has spent the best years of his life in pushing the appeal for the rectification of his tather's memory and the monor of the family haine, and notwithstanding the influence that his position has given him it is only now that he has been successful in ofercoming the many obstacles in the path of the legal stars coach. With the lapse of years but few are left to congratulate him upon his victory—for the story atthough discussed chough, is one of the lest generation.

Pierre Vaux, the convict, was born in 1821 in the department of Saone-et-Levic. The son of a labore, he and his brothers were brought up to the meanest sort of work in the fields and rectived scant education. At the age of 13 he was apprenticed to a maker of wooden shoes, and it was then that he conceived the idea of educating himself. All his leisure time he devoted to study, and, wholly unaided, he made such progress that at the end of four years he was able to pass an examination for schoolmaster. A fluont speaker and ardent partisan, he soon became a leader in local politice, young as he was. He read Voltaire and Diderot, and the writings of those abostles of the new regime. Higo and Lamartine. When the republican idea swept the country a few years later Vaux became its recognized mouthpiece in the department, thereby gaining sufficient prominence to be heard of at Paris. He had held office and was noted as a fiery orator in the village councils. Meanwhile he had married and settled down to farming and was everywhere respected for his integrity and honest foarlessness of speech. All was promising for him, when suddenly the coup detat came. Not was a council of the couple of the country in the will held the held of the second of the couple of the couple of the office; but the imperial Government refused to confirm him. A few days after this defeets a fire occurred in the village in which he lived. It was followed by a second a week later and by a bird at a short interval. The villagers were in a state of terror, because the fires were plainly incendiary. The rumor was spread that the revolutionists had sworn to burn every village in the land, and Vaux was pointed at as the republican leader. Shortly afterward he was denounced as the incendiary by one Gallemard, a good-for-nothing suspected of theft and even murder. The imperial Government jumped at the land, and Vaux was prointed at as the republican leader. Shortly afterward he was denous the remove confossed that he had perfured the was denously for the co

WAR-TIME RECOLLECTIONS.

The Old Soldier Tells of His Going Away and "My last recollection of the camp in which we were mustered in," said the old soldier, "was of my mother. We had been in camp for days, for weeks, in fact, filling up the regiment and drilling and getting equipped, and getting ready generally. Finally we were mustered fu, and the next day after that we started. "It was nightfall when we fell in for the last time in the company streets of our first camp and marched out and formed on the color line. There was a great crowd there, relatives and frienda and sightseers come to see the regiment off. In front of my cwn company I could see my father and mother, come to see the last of their boy before he went to war. I was the apple of my mother's eye, I knew that, and I had expected to see her break down completely when the regiment marched away, but she stood as firm as a rock.

"When the regiment came home we marched up through the same street that we had marched down years before—night again, it was, too—with a band of music, with freworks flying everywhere, and with crowds on the sidewalk cheering, to the Town Hall, where there was a banquet and a speech from the Mayor, and so on. When this was nearly over my father and my brother, who had come to meet me, went home to tell my mother I was coming.

"Hone was half a mile or more away. and marched out and formed on the color lis

over my father and my brother, who had come to meet me, went home to tell my mother I was coming.

"Home was half a mile or more away, A bunch of us, men of the regiment, started from the hall together. They "fell off one after another, until finally I went on alone along the familiar street. It was bright moonlight, far ahead, at the corner of the street down which I must turn for home, I saw her; she was waiting.

"When I had come to her she lifted up her hands and pronounced my name; that was all;"and then her arms were about my neck and my old blue overcoat was wet with her falling tears. Her son had come home."

PRENCH PROGRESS IN MNGLISH. STOLE TO BUY A DEVIL. Words and Phrases that Are Ugod, Somethe

WOUNDED IN THE IMAGINATION.

Unique Scarfpin of a Negro Who Was not Born

NEW ORLEANS, Dec. 17.—The wonderful effect

of the imagination upon the mind of man has

were willing to experiment. Speaking of this peculiarity, a physician who was for many

years connected with the Charity Hospital gave

striking illustration in the course of a con-

versation with a Sun reporter in the Medical

An Artist of Countderable Skill Who Wants as

Basy Job and Not Much Eler.

From the Buffulo News.

I heard a good story recently of the way two

shrewd Buffalo men made \$4.000 on an invest ment of \$35. The two men are engaged in busi

ness and have the reputation among their

friends of knowing how to make money. They

were walking down Exchange street a few

months ago to take a train at the Central Sta

ion. On the way down Exchange street they

months ago to take a train at the Central Station. On the way down Exchange street they observed a painter at work on one of the big fences. He was drawing the picture of a young colored boy in the act of being scrubbed white by the application of a certain kind of soap.

"That fellow's elever," said one.

"You bet he is," remarked the other.

"I wonder how much he makes a week at this business," went on the first.

"Let's find out," was the reply. They asked the painter to step down from his ladder and engaged him in conversation. He told them he was drawing \$10 a week while the weather was pleasant. When it was had he made less. He informed them he could draw water colors. A bright idea struck one of the men. He offered to may the fellow \$25 a week if he could draw a certain number of water colors. The bargain was quickly made, and the painter agreed to appear at the men's offices the following morning. He was on hand, and they soon had the scarted to work. The first day he drew thenty five water colors. The next day he drew thirty-five water colors. The next day he drew thirty-five water colors or exhibition in his workroom. The sixth day the painter disappeared, after receiving his money. The two business men began disposing of the water colors. A well-known Main street business man paid \$6000 for one of the pictures, and others soid from \$2 up to \$200. At the end of two weeks they had sold every picture, and had \$2,000 in bank as the result. They looked in vain for their painter, but couldn't locate him until a month afterward. Then they discovered him in a dime museum where he was acting as announcer. They offered him all kinds of money to go back in their employ, but the fellow declined, saying he had a soft berth.

Fanny Kemble Cot Rer Washing.

From the Boston Journal.

It is related of Fanny Kemble that she carried the tragic air of the stage into everyday affairs. While in Boston she stopped at the Tremont Mouse, and was accustamed to dine in her rooms at 5 o clock. On one occasion the waiter brought her dinner ten minutes too soon, and she made him take it away until the hour had struck. On another occasion she gave the servant some clothes for the laundry.

"When can those be returned to me, washed and ironed?" she inquired.

"The day after to-morrow, madam, at noon-time."

"The day after to-morrow, madam, at noon-time."
"Be it so," was the dramatic reply, "at 12 on Wednesday."
But on the hour appointed the clothes had not been returned, and at ten minutes past noon a servant stood he fore her in response to the short summons of the bell.
"My clothes that were to be returned at 12 to-day—bring them."

"My clothes that were to be returned at 12 to day-bring them."

"But, madam, we have not been able to get them ready, owing to a difficulty in the laundry. You shall have them to-morrow."

Hring them now—they were promised to-day."

day,"
I know it, madam, but they are not ready."
"It matters not to me; bring them just as

they are.

The servant went out, and a few moments
that two more entered, bearing a tub full of
coapsude and wet olether, set it on the floor, and
went out.

uilding on Baronne street.

to Die of a Bullet.

THE BUSSIAN PEASANT HOPED TO GET RICH VERY QUICKLY. Within the last three or four years two verbs.

one of English and the other of American origin, have entered the French and German lanna Thought the Bevil Would Work Vary Marfor His Material Interests, but in the End He Was Punished for It and Jailed for Stealing His Pather's Cow—Qu'rer Russian Hellets. guages. They are " to boycott" and " to lynch," and their forms in French are "boycotter" and "lyncher," and in German "boycettleven" and "lynchen," Aside from these two instances, Isn't there something slightly humorous is the idea of buying a devil for \$6.25; If New the introduction of English words into German Yorkers lived near Odessa they might be look every-day speech is as rare as the use of French ing for a drop in prices and for the chance, later words, or Germanized French words, is common. In France, on the contrary, the last decade has on, of picking up a valuable industrious devil on the bargain counter, greatly reduced, at

\$4.09. It was reserved for Russia to bring the bargain and sale of devils down across the Channel. This is partly due to the fact that English is at present the polite language for Frenchmen who make pretensions; but it is in far greater measure the result of the Frenchman's enthusiastic, simost hysteric, taking to sport in these latter years. With horse racing have come all the English words pertaining to the track, the paddeck, and the betting ring; and the same thing is largely true of bicycling. These words are not all pronounced as they are by an Englishman or an American—in fact most people would fail to recognize them with the Gallic accent—but they answer the purpose. to date, though the treatment lately received by the old woman of Lyme Rock from the "Holy Ghosters" of that neighborhood shows that Connecticut can still lay claim to a devil or two. The assistance sold by medicine men of savage tribes may be considered to be practically out of the market when the extra in fact most people would fail to recognize them with the Galike accent—but they answer the purpose.

Among the werds which have found a permanent home with the French with some indication of their birthplace clinging to them are "bernum" (meaning the exploiter of wonderful things or the prodigg itself): "smokins" (used indifferently as the designation of s jacket or a smoking concert; "lady" (spelled in the plural invariably "ladys"): "punch (any kind of a bot drink), and "tub" (both the noun and the British verb). A "leader" means either an editorial in a newspaper or a prominent politician. "Flirt." "flirtisme," and "flirter" (verb) are used in the English sense. "Milord' is both a title of address and a vehicle. "Shocking"—or, more often, "schocking"—me ns a great many things to a Frenchman; he employs it chiefly as a catchword in ridiculing the English. "Cooktail" is any kind of a drink he has never seen before. "Buffalo" and "wildwest" have various occult meanings: c'est un buffalo or c'est un wildwest usually signify that the thing in question is strange, or magnificent. Finally, the French now have a certain number of stock phrases, such as "all right," go ahead, "goddam," time is money," and "get a move on, "which are sometimes used appositely, and sometimes not so: either way they are ludicrous, parily because the man is so serious when he uses them.—All the words and expressions cited are found frequently in the newspapers and heard in the streets; but the clubs, sporting or otherwise, where Anglomania reigns, are the places where they are chiefly troited out. Many of the shops of Paris are also known by English names.—There are places, for instance, called the "Five O'clock," the "Afternoon Tea." the "Splendid House," human powers of business loving devils may be had at prices ranging from \$5 to \$20. Of course this could be possible only in a country like Russia, where devils are very common and where the belief in them is peculiarly complete Considered in the mass, Russlans firmly believe in the devil and tremble when he is men tioned. They usually allude to him as the "Cunning One," and except in the army, where the blight of skepticism is destroying the beliefs of the simple pessantry, they would rather die than relinquish their belief in their "Tahort." And the authorities are doing their utmost to preserve this childlike simplicity. The folk-lore is full of stories of alarming encounters with the "Cunning One," who assumes no end of snapes in order to effect his wicked purposes. In children whom he wishes to destroy, for in stance, he appears in the fanciful form of "dog's

The Odessa News and the Graschdanin have chronicled a case in point which has far more o tragedy than of comedy in it. A Post Office employee had a boy who fell ill and died, and as the doctor's certificate attributed his death to "scarlatina," two sanitary officers were sent to the house to disinfect it. They entered into conversation with the mother of the child, who told them the story of its illness.

"Two long years I suffered with my little "Then it had not scarlating all the time f"

"Oh, no; it had 'dog's senility' from the very first."

"Dog's what ?" asked the sanitary man. "Dog's senility, don't you know. It grew old and crabbed-like, and knew more than we did and wasted away. It was the Cunning One that got into it and made it pine away." "Did you take any measures against the dis

ense !" "Why, we did everything we could think of. We took it to all the doctors around; but what can doctors do against 'Himself'! A wise woman near here advised me to do the thing that could have helped; and even that was useless, because when we heard of it the dear child had gone too far."

"As you know," began the physician," I have long taken an interest in gunshot wounds of the "What was that !"

useloss, because when we heard of it the dear child had gone too far."

"What was that!"

"Well, we heated the oven there and got it ready just as if we were going to bake black bread. Then we made a second little fire before the oven door. When this was done we strapped the child to the shovel, just like a piece of dough, you know, only taking care that he should not get uneasy and roll off, and then we put him over the second fire into the oven and then drew him out. One of the two women who were present had to call out each time: What are you haking! Then the other woman had to say: Bake it well! We did this three times, as the wise woman told us, out it didn't help at all—at least it didn't save my darling's life. God reat his soul. He died a few days later."

Another form which the devil now assumes pretty often is the cholera, which is supposed to be a female. In the district of Barnaul the other day the peasants were determined to make short work of the Cunning One in this odious rôle of his. They g thered together and lay in wait. Later some one said that the Spirit of Evil was on his way to destroy them with a fearful epidemic. He was riding in a tarantass—a disguised in the form of a female. The watchman refused to sallow the tarantass to enter the village of Prasloukha. The woman inside protested, but had in turn back. The peasants surrounded it, and called to the "cholera devil" to disappear. The poor woman said she was as human as themselves and could not vanish miraculously; but they shouted, prayed and closed in. A few shots were heard, followed by a piteous moan, and then a deafening shout of triumph: "Pray to God, brothers, and thank Him, for we have killed the cholera."

The woman's name was Kondratieff. Her body was not allowed in the village.

Another woman was throttled and trampled upon by her best friends, who really wished her well and were desirous of freeing her from the devil, who had, in their belief, taken possession of her. When they had finished the operation of exorcising the wom building on Baronne street.

"As you know," began the physician," I have long taken at interest in gunahot wounds of the abdomen, and have followed the treatment of some very complicated cases. I was in my room at the hospital one day when an ambulance surgeon came to me and said that a man suffering from a gunahot wound in the abdomen had been brought in for treatment. Like 90 per cent, of such cases, he was colored, for the Southern negroes, unlike their Northern brethren, have more faith in the pistol than in the razor, and prefer to shoot up a rival in love or business to the more laborious method of carving, so much in vogue north of Mason and Dixon's line. The wounded man, a big athletic clap of 30, was stretched upon a couch, and at the first glance his time seemed to have come to leave this world. He was breathing laboriously, and the ashen stamp of death was apparent in his face. I asked him where he had been wounded, and he placed his hand upon the left side of his abdomen, where the blood showed plainly upon the light material of which his clothing was made. He had all the symptoms of a man bleeding to death as I stripped him for a more critical examination. "When I got a look at the wound I found it a more tear of the firsh, not much more than skin deep, from which the blood was flowing quite freely. I saw that the bullet had been deflected by something, and told the hegre to stand up. He grouned violently and assured me that it would be the death of him to move but I finally persuaded him that he was not hurt at all, and that after a dressing of collowion had been applied to the wound he could go home. It was a study to watch that man's face as the truth dawned upon him. Fenr gave way to doubt and doubt to the complete realization of the situation, and he grinned from ear to ear as he stood up. I asked him to shake his clothes, and as he did so the bullet or opponent or the flow, and he see how to she had leen about at and he said twice. Then it was all clear to me. One ball had spent their had str

what a pious woman in the south of Russia lately announced.
In the Tahirigin district (Government of Kieff) this well-meaning woman, meeting a hungry, discontented-looking peasant, told him to be of good cheer, as she had it in her power to make him rich in a twinkling, so to asy.

"Well, mother, you won't come across a more deserving fellow than myself."

"I am willing to take your word for that; but you must buy him."

"Buy whom! Buy what!"

"Why, the devil, of course. He can make you.

you—
"The devil !" repeated the peasant, aghast.
"Yes. Who but he could work for you from moraing till night without sleep or food! Why, he'll make you a millionaire before you know where you are."
"And what might be the price of the—the—the-

morning till night without sleep or food I Why, he'll make you a millionaire before you know where you are."

"And what might be the price of the—the—the devil I"

"Dirt cheap; only ten roubles" (say \$6.25).

Thereupon the mooshik fell athinking. He was a good sort of man, plous in his way; so that he did not like to commit a sl. deliberately, On the other hand he had not a cent in the world, very little corn to last till harvest time, a wife and four children to support, and times were growing harder. And here was a godsend, or devilsend, an opportunity holding unteld riches. Could he afford to let it slip and rue his folly for the rest of his life?

"All right, mother; I'll buy him if you'll watt a reasonable time."

He made arrangements to meet her later, and then hurried to his father's farm, stole a cowthat was grazing in the field, and sold the animal for 2I roubles—say \$13. With this sum in his pocket he went to the village of Nishle Verestshak, found the woman, and was introduced by her to the real vender of the devil, she herself refusing to touch the money, for the poor creature really believed what she had been eaying. The roal vender, a willy peasant, arranged all preliminaries, received the 10 roubles, and drank the heath of the buyer in cherry brandy. He then wont out into the yard to bring in and deliver up the devil, and, as the peasant afterward expainned to the magistrate: "Judging by the infernal row that went on outside, I was afraid that he had been carried off, like many another rash man before him."

After no end of houting and swearing and bad language, which had the effect of keeping up the illusion, the man came back and said he had had a chat with a large collection of devils, not one of whom would consent to serve any mortal for such a paltry sum as ten roubles. In fact, they all felt rather laurt by such a proposal, and bad language, which had the effect of keeping up the illusion, the man came back and said he had had a chat with a large collection of devils, not one of whom would

and home, and set out on a pfigrimage to a colobrated monastery in Russia to obtain parties and breated monastery in Russia to obtain parties in the matter of purchasing devils—his wife and children starying at home and his father wild at the thought of being cheated out of both money and devils. The monks condemned him to make numberiess genufications, to fast till he nearly fainted, and to pray without cease. At last, his sin being fully atoned for and his soul at peace, he returned home a wiser and sadder man, to devote his days to honest labor for the support of his family.

On his return he was arrested on charges of being concerned in the "illiegal sale of devils" and for stealing the cow. He is new behind prison walls while the Public Prosecutor works up the case, or he was, at least, when the newspapers giving these facts were published. The only person mixed up in the matter who is left in peace is the plons woman who first offered the devils for cale at 10 roubles a head.

Apparently it is just as illegal in Russia to make capital out of one's skepticism; though it does seem a pity that the Odesa blackmith, Shiskoff by name, should be punished for his method, which incidentally contains a heap of good sense. The worthy Shiskoff met a friend who happened to be flush of money.

"Do you know what the devil is?" asked the blackmith,
"Indeed, I de not," was the candid reply.

"Well, would you like to know!" inquired the tempter.

"Hy all means."

"Well, would you like to know tempter.
"By all means."
"Vory good. I'm your man, then. What will you give me?"
"A rouble. Here it is."
"Agreed. Just put your hand into my coat pocket. That's it. Now, what have you got?"
"Nothing at all."
"Exactly. Well, the devil is nothing at all."

FOREIGN NOTES OF REAL INTEREST. A collection of 976 letters by and to Sir Philip Francia, after being offered in one block for 500 guiness in London, was sold at auction, the separate lots bringing a total of \$9,150.

After having been sold twice to be broken up, and having resisted the gales of a year on the Blackpool rocks, Nelson's Foudroyant was at last broken to pleces by the severe storms that visited England at the beginning of this month. The Dean of St. Asaph delighted a London crowd

recently by sprinting after a pickpocket and catching him. The thief had stolen the Dean's wife's pocketbook in church while she was watching her husband perform a marriage ceremony. A woman of San Casciano, near Florence, who at 94 had murdered her husband, has just been set free af-ter forty years' imprisonment at hard labor. Her life sentence was commuted owing to her having never received a black mark in that time.

One result of the engineers' strike in England has been a rise in freights, as ships cannot be repaired, and the output of new tonnage has ceased for nearly six months. Mediterranean freights have increased from six or seven shillings a ton to ten or eleven

Strasburg University students have combined to forming a good resolution that has startled Germany.
They have abolished the Früheckoppen and will drink no beer save in the afternoon and evening, as morning beer prevents them from following lectures

Lord Dorchester, the grandson of Sir Guy Carleton who commanded the British forces in Canada in the War of the Revolution, has just died without male heirs. The title, which was granted in consider ston of fervices against the American colonists become

Prince Oscar of Sweden, who some time ago gave up his royal rank to marry Miss Ebba Munck and is now known as C unt of Wisborg, has decided to go to Africa as a missionary, together with his wife They have been practicing on savages who have visited Stockholm with traveiling shows. At Windisch, in the Swiss canton of Aargan, the

site of the Roman colony Vindoniasa, the most important archaeological discovery since the finding of the Hildesheim treasure has been made. An amphitheatre, several large Roman villas, and a great many coins, pottery, bronze, silver and iron vessels and implements have been found.

France's wine crop this year, according to the Excise Office estimate, amounts to 712,000,000 gallons, 271,000,000 less than last year's vintage and 2,775,000 gallons less than the average wine crop of the last ten years. With the addition of 87,750,000 gailons of Algerian wines and 5,000,000 gallons in Corsica, the value is set at 821,752,000 france.

Mainz is to be dismantled of its fortifications and German Government to the city authorities for 4,000. 000 marks. The place will be protected by a more modern system of defences, like those at Cologne, which are far out in the country and disguised. Mains, as a fortress, has been an objective point in nearly every great European war since Roman times A cane owned by Chief Justice Way of South Aus-

trails seems to carry a Privy Councillor's place with it. It belonged originally to Mr. Dalley, the first it. Is belonged originally to Mr. Dalley, the first
Australian Privy Councillor; he gave it to Sir Alfred
Stephru, the next Australian admitted to the Privy
Council, and the latter bequeathed it to the Chief
Justice a few months before the Queen called Mr.
Way to the Council.

An unauthorized miracle has brought about the

closing of a church at Giulia hova, on the Adriatio. A crucified figure of Christ on the altar bled from its wounds at stated intervals, and, as the peasants crowded to the sanctuary in spite of the Bishop's declaration that the miracle did not exist, the Italian Government authorities stepped in to the Bishop's assistance and closed the building.

Another method of producing diamonds has been devised by Dr. Majorana. Carbon, heated in the elecpheres created by the action of an explosive com-pound on a small piston, leaving a mass of graphite and amorphous carbon with minute crystals that have the properties of a diamond. They have no more commercial value, however, than those made by Motsaan's process

suitable place. His sister, Frau Charlotte von Emi den, and her family have given orders for a statue to be set up over the poet's grave in the Montmartre Cemetery in Paris to the sculptor Hasselrie, who made the scated statue of Heine now in the Empress of Austria's villa Achilleion at Corfu. The statu will be unveiled Dec. 17, 1899, which his family is sists is the hundredth auniversary of Heine's birth. Sixteen thousand dollars is the record price paid for

a cablegram, that price having been paid for a mes-sage sent by Mr. Henniker Heaton to Australia in be-half of the British Parliament. Reuter's account of the murderer Deeming's trial, 4,000 words, cost \$8,000. An 1,800-word despatch from London to Argentina cost \$7,500. The most expensive private Duke of Abruzzi at Rio Janeiro, informing him of the death of his father, the late Duke of Aosta, which

On the occussion of his golden wedding a methodical English husband figured up from his carefully kept accounts what his wife had cost him. He had an assured income of \$2,500 a year throughout his life. Winning his wife, what with presents, engage-ment ring, and extra expenditure on his own personal adornment, cost him \$500; her share of the he \$250 yearly; presents, medical attendance, amuse-ments, and summer excursions amounted for her share to \$450 annually. He therefore spent for her in fifty years 806,750.

He Never Bnew Who He Was.

From the Dhily Kennebec Journal. A man by the name of Harbridge died at Glen Cove a few days ago. He didn't know how old he was, where he was born, or who his parents were. His earliest recollection was of living with a tribe of Rocky Mountain Indians, who probably stole him. They treated him kindly, and brought him up to their savage ways of life with their own children. The never told him anything about his parents. When a young man he left the tribe, which made no opposition He readily acquired the customs of civilization, and pression on his mind and none on his habits in his later years. He turned his hand to many things to make a living, and finally came East and took up Ishing as a means of livelihood.

This Gas Well's Roar Heard Six Miles.

From the Cincinnati Enquirer.
Pirrasuno, Dec. 2.—The South Penn Oil Company's great gamer on the Thomas Cunningham farm on Piney Fork, a branch of Fishing Creek, in Wetzel county, W. Va., is the last sensation in the lowe southwest oil field. The pressure is so great that the roaring sound occasioned by escaping gas is almost deafening within a quarter of a mile of the well. Its the rumbling can be plainly heard at Smithfield, six miles south. No effort has been made to test o bring the monster under control. It's a question whether it could be confined until the pressure has subsided. The well is spraying some oil, but no efforthas been made to save the production.

Convicted of time Crime, On Trial for Another From the Minot (N. D.) Reporter.

Possibly the most possible cases ever tried in this state is that in which the body of a man supposed to have been murdered some years ago was ploughed up and identified, and the suspected murderer is serving out a term in the penitentiary for another crime. He Are You Fond of Music? Do You Appreciate Good Music?

> If You Do, the Aeolian Will Interest You. And You Owe It to Yourself to See and Hear It.

The Aeolian does not require technical skill. Any one can play it.

There are still a great many people who are unfamiliar with the Aeolian-who don't know what it is. In an indefinite sort of a way they have an idea that it is "a kind of mechanical instrument that you wind up or play by turning a crank." Very naturally with such an impression they harbor a decided prejudice against it. Now,

> The Aeollan isn't mechanical. You don't wind it up and It isn't played by means of a crank.

Music for the Aeolian is arranged from the full orchestral score. Every note even of the most elaborate Wagnerian opera is reproduced just as it was written.

The Aeolian repertoire

is unlimited. It includes

all classes of music-

Waltzes, Two-Steps,

Lancers and all kinds of

dance music, Popular and

Sacred songs, selections

from all the Grand and

Light Operas, Sympho-

nies, Sonatas, Concertos

and also vocal and instru-

mental accompaniments.

Aeolians cost all the

way from \$75 to \$550.

Aeolian Orchestreffes

from \$1,500 to \$2,500.

Aeolian Pipe Organs and

Aeolians are exhibited

daily, and all who are

interested in the instru-

ment are invited to call

Aeolian recitals are

These are free to all.

and see it.

from \$2,500 upward.

In other words, the Aeolian is not a toy, but an instrument representing a distinct type, th qualities possessed by no other musical instrument.

It is unfortunately true that one of the principal features of the Aeolian—the simplicity of its operation-has been largely responsible for the mistaken impression that is held by many people concerning it. To people of refined musical taste, what is known as mechanical music is intolerable,

and when it was claimed for the Aeolian that it could be played without technical knowledge or skill it was taken for granted by many that it must be a mechanical instrument. Probably the most effective way of completely effacing this erroneous idea is to cite the opinion of a few recognized authorities:

HENRY T. FINK, Musical Critic of the New York Evening Post, says:

"The difference between the Aeolian and an automatic instrument is vividly brought out by the fact that in the latter you have no control over the music, while in the case of the Aeolian the player's eyes must be constantly fixed on the unrolling sheet of music so that he may be able to make the changes of tempo and expression as indicated thereon. In playing the Aeolian the player is able to give all he attention to the shading and sentiment of a piece, which brings us to the paradox of paradoxes. The Aeolian player, whom many suppose to have nothing to do with the expression, in reality has nothing to do except attend to the expression."

PADEREWSKI, in indorsing the Acolian, writes:
"It combines all the effects which can be produced by the most skilful manipulation of a grand organ with those of an orchestra. I consider your instrument not only a source of delight to music lovers, but also a benefit to art itself."

ALBERT ROSS PARSONS, President of the College of American Musicians, says: "The Aeolian is not merety a musical luxury. It is an accurate educator of the highest order, since it opens the way for the introduction into the homes of the world of every species of instrumental and vocal music without the least technical preparation or labor. The Aeolian affords a grand orchestra for every home."

JEAN DE RESZKE SAVS:

"The Aeolian places the best music at the doors of all, and affords a simple means of enjoying and studying the conceptions of the masters of music, ancient and modern. The Aeolian is so cleverly constructed that if the performer can grasp the inspiration of the composer, the instrument affords him every facility of interpreting music with feeling and sentiment."

The world's THREE GREAT VIOLINISTS have each paid a warm tribute to the Acolian. SARASATE—"I truly believe the Acolian is destined for a great future. As a musical instrument it is artistic in the true sense of that much-abused word."

YSAYE—"In years to come, when the Acolian shall have achieved the popularity it is destined to attain, the art of music will own much to the inventor of this remarkable instrument."

SAURET-"The Aeolian differs so materially from any other musical instrument that it is quite possible that some may fail to understand it upon first hearing it, but a thorough musician will quickly recognize its artistic qualities. Music lovers may be assured of the intrinsic merit of the Acolian."

We have not room to give even brief extracts from all the indorsements the Acolian has received, and even a mention of the names of all the musicians of this country and Europe who have testified to the instrument's merits would occupy a large space. Among the Aeolian Pipe Orchestras most eminent are:

Sir A. C. Mackenzie, Principal Royal Academy of Music, London. Sir George Grove, ex-Director Royal College of Music, London. C. Hubert H. Parry, Director Royal College of Music, London. Dr. E. H. Turpen, Principal Trinity College, London.

Alex. Guilmant, Clarence Eldy, L. Mancinelli, Anton Seldi, Edouard De Reszke, E. A. MacDowell, A. Vianesi, Frank Van Der Stucken, G. S. Gambatl, Valdemia De Pachmann, Emil Paur, and the great operatic sopranos, fielba, Calve, Nordica and Eames.

As difficult as it is to give credence to our remarkable claims for the Aeolian, it would be still more difficult to believe that an instrument that did not possess artistic worth, and that of a high order, would receive commendation from people standing at the very top of the musical profession.

We do not ask you to accept even the combined testimony of these musicians.

All we request is that you investigate the Aeolian before you condemn it. You need given on Saturday of not lay aside your prejudices. Bring them with you. Put the Aeolian to the severest possible test. Hear it play a Tschaikowsky Symphony, a Wagner Overture, a Beethoven each week at 3 P. M. Sonata or a Bach Fugue. Think what it would mean to have an instrument on which you could play these pieces

yourself-play them in their complete orchestral form. No study, no practice. Just unalloyed pleasure. Revelling in a repertoire of music,

DOES THIS SOUND EXAGGERATED? INVESTIGATE AND SEE.

THE AEOLIAN COMPANY. 18 West 23d St., New York.

POWER FOR NALT LAKE CITY. in Ricctrical Plant Thirty-seven Miles Away

to Furnish Thousands of Horse Power. OGDEN, Utah, Dec. 15 .- Tests of a plant for transmitting power by electricity between here and Salt Lake City are now being made. The distance is a fraction more than thirty-seven miles, as the line runs. Several days ago a test was made of transmitting 1,000 horse power over three small wires. The pressure was 15, 000 volts. Then the wires were connected with another set of wires at Salt Lake City. so as to form a continuous circuit of seventy

four miles from Ogden to Salt Lake and return. The transformers at the generating plant were doubled up so that the line pressure was 28,000 volts after the current had traversed the entire distance, and the current was again brought down by transformers and turned into several large motors. The result was surprising, as cated as being received over what was probaamount of power has ever been sent in this country. Now some additional changes are being made with the idea of transmitting 2,000 porse power over the same line with only slight increase in the voltage. The capacity of the plant is 5,000 horse

power, which is transmitted on a three-phase system. three bare copper wires carrying the current instead of four, as in other polyphas systems. It is exceeded in size in America only by the Niagara Falls power plant. There is this difference between the two plants. At

by the Niagara Falls power plant. There is this difference between the two plants. At Niagara there is an immense volume of water, with a limited fall. At Ogden there is a limited supply of water with an immense fall and pressure. This high pressure of the water forced through a small jet, spins Pelton wheels. Otherwise the systems are identical.

The work here involved the construction of a pipe line seven miles long, which has a fall of 480 feet. The water is at present turned into the pipe by a temporary dam, on which work is now being prosecuted built up from bed rock to prevent seepage. The dam will be 400 feet long and locked into the solid rock of the casho on either side. This will make a reservoir covering 1,600 acres and storing enough water to generate 20,000 horse power all through the year.

For the first six miles the pipe line is made of wood after special designs by the engineers of the company. The pipe is round, six feet in diameter, and made of strips of Oregon fir. The pipe is one continuous barrel of interlocked staves, bound by hoops of steel only a few linches apart. One million four hundred and seventy two thousand pounds of steel was used in the work. The engineering difficulties encountered in laying the pipe were great. Its course is along a rugged cashon wall, over gorges, and through masses of rock. More than 1,600 feet of tunnelling had to be done and six steel bridges span ravines and chams.

A mile from the power house, where the wood pipe ends, is the biggest valve in the world. It is capable of withstanding at the valve gate a pressure of 102 tons. It is operated by hydraulic pressure. Each of the three largest pieces took ten teams to han it up the mountain side to its besition. From the valve to the power house, where the fall is rapid and the pressure of 102 tons. It is operated by hydraulic pressure enormous, the pipe is of steel. This pipe was all made on the ground by the contractors. The sheets of steel were received in sections of from 1,600 to 5,400 pounds weighs

and from 3-16 to 11-16 inch in thickness, and about 18 by 8 feet. The sections were swung by electric or steam cranes from one machine to another until rolled and riveted and finished in complete pipe sections. Each section was boiled in asphaltum and made rust proof as well as water tight. The sections were then carefully tested and run up into position by a specially made steam conveyer and hoist. In the trench the sections were riveded together by a Pegram riveter and by a machine especially designed for that purpose.

The power house is located just within the city limits on the east side of Ogden. It has room for ten Pelton wheels and electric generators, each generating 1,000 horse power.

Senator Frank J. Cannon is general manager of the company, while prominent officials of the Mormon Church are its other officers. The project was encouraged by the Church in conformity with its plan of developing home enterprises in every possible way. The President of the company is the Mormon leader, George J. Cannon.

Handsome Treut for the Aquartum.

The Southside Sportsman's Club of Long Island has presented to the New York Aquarium two dozen of the very finest trout that could be selected from its extensive preserves. included ten rainbow trout ranging in length from 12 to 24 inches, and weighing from a pound and a half or two pounds up to about five pounds each; three large brook trout, weighing between two and three pounds each; one large brown trout weighing upward of three pounds, and ten hybrid trout, ranging in length from 9 or 10 inches to 15 inches, and the largest of them weighing about two pounds and a half.

FE FLINT'S FINE FURNITURE

Although a queer, conservative old felow, Santa Claus knows our stock and fills his pack from it year after year. He knows he can be a very Sindbad in discovering and gathering wonderful things. There are the Flemish and Italian hall

seats, which show beautiful carvings-who would have thought of them for gifts? Yet nothing in the whole Christmas realm can impart more delight. There are the dragon-carved table-to

whom would they not be a novel as well as fascinating gift? There is the Oriental brass-work (trays, lamps, plant holders), hammered or Damascened in designs as old as Mahomet,

as old as Solomon-who would not be quite carried away at the thought of possessing such decorativeness? Oh, there are lots of things Santa Claus learns here. Suppose you come, too.

"BUY OF THE MAKER"

GEO. C.FLINT CO. 43, 45 AND 47 WEST 2315T

NEAR BROADWAY. PACTORY: 154 AND 156 WEST 19"STREET LUCK OF A KNOWING BAY HORSE. Procession in Lower Broadway That Pro-

Everybody on Broadway was smiling the other afternoon, not because it was holiday time, not because the sun was shining and the stickiness under foot was likely to disappear, but at a little street comedy that was going forward. and was all the more amusing because the man who had the principal part in it was blissance, or, indeed, that there was a performance at all.

The street was crowded with vehicles, mak ing progress difficult, and the driver of a big truck, piled high with hay, was quietly letting his horses take their time, indifferent to the teams behind him, who might have liked to pass had he given them a chance. Comfortably munching something on his high perch, with his hat tilted over his eyes at an agreeable angle, he never once looked around, although the gripman of a cable car in the rear keps sounding the gong with a loud insistence that nade trucks and carts on the other side of the tracks scurry out of the way. The driver of the hay wagon kept his left wheels just inside the cable car track, and he was either deaf or indifferent to the gripman's impatience. He made no pretence of turning out, even when good opportunities were given.

Directly behind the wall of hay came a wagon loaded with iron pipes, and though the cable car was close upon it, the driver was relieved from responsibility in the matter because of the obstruction in front of him, while his horse, a knowing looking bay, was well content with the situation. If ever a bay horse looked like a wag this one did. A protruding bale of hay was directly on a level with his nose, and he was this one did. A protruding bale of hay was directly on a level with his nose, and he had but to cat of the profered good. He had done this for four good blocks. The hole in the hay was considerably deeper than his blinders, as he stepped slowly along, and only occasionally he lifted his head to view the surroundings and make sure that there was no immediate likelihood of his luncheon coming to an end.

The driver of the bay horse chuckled to himself and smiled widely every time his horse's head was thrust again into the hay. Every one walking on that side of the street took a lively interest in the matter, and people comins out of side streets or stores prused to find out what was making everybody smile and then smiled themselves when they saw how matters stood.

The passengers in the cable car were the only ones who did not enjoy the omedy—thoy and the driver of the hay trues, who stuck to his place and pace with stolid indifference, and failed to see the winks and significant glances of the people on the sidewalk. The gripman did not appear to see any humor in the situation, either, but the newsboys caught on to the joke and ran alongside of the hay-sating bay, determined to see this benefit performance played out to the end. The procession continued unbroken as far as Duane street before the hay truck driver, having reached his turning point, trundled off to the west.

The driver of the waggish bay whipped up his horse at that juncture, and cleared the track for the cable car, which put on extra speed to make up for lost time. It is likely that the driver of the hay truck was surprised when he climbed down off his cart and got a sight of that hindmost bale; and it is more than probable that the hay horse was not hangey to